WE'RE WASTING OUR SHOTS!
VERTIGO, BRING HIM DOWN!
SURE THING, SCALP. BUT WHAT IS DOWN, ANYWAY?
TSCHRAM
Y'KNOW?
I'M SORRY, ICEMAN.
ROGUE IS OURS.
MYSTIQUE!
TCHIK

I'LL STRIP THE MEAT OFF YOUR BONES BEFORE YOU CAN REACH ME, WOLVERINE.
YOU HEAL FAST, BUT THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING LEFT OF YOU TO HEAL.
KEEP UP THE INFIELD CHATTER THERE, BUB.
GIVES ME SOMETHIN' TO AIM FOR.
CANNONBALL.
UHHHH! EMMA--?
YES. SNAP OUT OF IT AND LISTEN TO ME. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

YES, YES, YES! I AM BACK IN BUSINESS.
BOBBY! HOW DID--?
WIND-CHILL FACTOR DID THE JOB. WELL, THAT AND BEING NINE THOUSAND FEET UP.
NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT LIST OF TARGETS. WE WERE AT THE TOP, RIGHT?
WE DIDN'T EVEN PLACE. ROGUE WAS AT THE TOP.
AND SECOND WAS---

SEVEN HOURS AGO.
EMPTY.
COULD YOU BE A TAD MORE SPECIFIC?
REALLY, REALLY EMPTY.
Neverland is something the others can understand. The extinction of a species? Too big.
Neverland is something they can blast, or stab…
I DIDN'T STICK AROUND AND DO INVENTORY.
THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. JUST THE SMELL OF DEATH.
HOW ENLIGHTENING, LOGAN. IT WAS A MUTANT DEATH CAMP. DID YOU SMELL *MUTANTS*, TOO?
…or harden themselves to.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, HANK?
THERE COULD BE RECORDS…GENOME TRANSCRIPTS. BEST CASE SCENARIO? TISSUE SAMPLES.
But they don't see it like I do. Our looming extinction… that's not something they can fight.
But I can.
Neverland is a means to that end.
I'LL CALL IF I RUN INTO TROUBLE.

Disposal of experimental test subjects.
DAY 607.
Removal of rotting cadavers.
DAY 641.
Science division request for additional subjects.
DAY 701.
Termination of resistance in the yard.